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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1931.



THE GORILLA IN HIS NATIVE WILD—SUGGESTING “SOME MONSTROUS RUGGED TYPE OF PREHISTORIC MAN”: A BIG MALE, ONE OF A BAND PLANNING A CONCERTED ATTACK, PHOTOGRAPHED AT TWENTY YARDS.

We give in this number some amazing new photographs of gorillas, taken at close range in their natural haunts by that well-known big-game photographer, Mr. Marcuswell Maxwell, whose wonderful pictures of lions, elephants, buffaloes, and other animals will be remembered by our readers. The gorilla photographs were obtained recently in the Belgian Congo, among the giant Buringa Volcanoes, where the gorilla inhabits the dense forests. This region forms part of the Parc National

Albert, and the gorillas are strictly protected. The above photograph was taken, at about twenty yards, on an occasion when (as described on pages 312 and 313) a band of gorillas was apparently meditating a concerted attack on the photographer's party. It shows one of the “old men” of the band, a big male, whose appearance suggests “some monstrous rugged type of prehistoric man.” Further photographs appear on pages 310 and 311, with an article by Mr. Maxwell

## STALKING GORILLA WITH A CAMERA:

A BIG-GAME PHOTOGRAPHER'S ADVENTURES IN THE BELGIAN CONGO: INCLUDING A NARROW ESCAPE FROM A CHARGING GORILLA.

An Abridgment of the Articles by Mr. MARCUSWELL MAXWELL. (See Illustrations on the Front Page and pages 312 and 313.)

Mr. Marcuswell Maxwell, the famous big-game photographer, took his unequalled photographs of gorillas in their native wild, among the mountain forests of the Burunga volcanoes (one of which is Mikeno, mentioned in the article below), during a recent expedition for that purpose to the Parc National Albert, in the Belgian Congo. He started with his old companion, Captain Palmer-Kerrison, who, however, was unfortunately taken ill on the way. In his place Mr. Maxwell secured the services of Mr. F. E. Vivers. The photographing of wild gorillas is exceedingly difficult, owing to the dense vegetation on steep slopes, uncertain foothold, and incessant rain. It is also highly dangerous, for an angry gorilla (as here described) is apt to charge at amazing speed. Further studies by Mr. Maxwell, of other animals, will appear later in our pages.

ON the third day a gorilla herd was found, making its way slowly down from Mikeno; and so, next morning, thrilled at the prospect of at last seeing our quarry, we set out, three guides, Vivers with a 450 Rigby, and myself with camera. (It may here be explained that gorillas are absolutely protected, and a special licence is necessary even to carry a gun within the Park.)

Our first meeting with this animal turned out an unlucky one. Having picked up the trail easily and found where the gorillas had slept, we finally came across them on a very steep slope of Mikeno, and managed to approach within twenty-five yards or so without being seen. The bush was thick and high, and only their heads were visible as they fed, and these not clearly, through the leaves. The herd consisted of sixteen, with one old man. After a few minutes a toto (young gorilla) up a tree spotted us and gave the alarm, clapping his hands against the branch on which he sat. Unperturbed, the herd moved slowly off down the slope, we following some distance behind for some 300 yards. At one time we could see the old man bring up their rear and looking, as he went along on all fours, for all the world like a large grizzly bear.

The trail now crossed a stream, and here we stopped and argued as to whether or not to follow, since it appeared probable that better opportunities for photography might present themselves on the morrow. The guides advised us to go on, because the country would, before long, become impassable; so, somewhat against our inclinations, we decided to carry on, hoping to catch up the band in some open place before it became lost to us. The trail here led along a very steep hillside, and in so doing ran through a low tunnel under thick bush. At this point I can do no better than quote from Vivers' account, for he saw more than I:

"At this point," he says, "I could distinctly hear the gorilla family, chattering some two or three hundred yards in our advance, and never suspected for a moment that a large male gorilla, a short way ahead, was meditating our destruction. What now happened I cannot adequately describe, as it all occurred with such incredible swiftness. A shrill scream, four to five hundred pounds of infuriated gorilla hurling itself at Maxwell (who was a few yards in front of me with camera), Maxwell hurling himself down the steep slope, missing having his head knocked off by inches; almost at the same instant I fired into the black mass of gorilla, having no time to raise the rifle to my shoulder. Even as I pulled the trigger the brute was in the act of striking a guide who was immediately on my left. Where the bullet struck I do not know, but it was sufficient to turn him hurtling down the hillside. Maxwell had previously agreed with me that no shot was to be fired unless the situation was desperate and the animal on the point of striking someone. In this case we left it a little too late, as neither of us had any conception of what the amazing speed of a gorilla charge could be. It was more by luck than good judgment that nobody was killed. Maxwell, not thinking an unprovoked gorilla would charge right in, intentionally obscured my view, to prevent unnecessary shots being fired. However, contrary to the customs of well-behaved gorilla, this gentleman did charge without warning, and with the full determination to kill somebody."

The gorilla (continues Mr. Maxwell) now climbed up to the mountain again, through very thick bush, and when we followed, made a feint of charging. As it appeared that he was only slightly wounded, and it was evident that, if we followed him, we should have to kill—and this could not be entertained in the Parc National—we decided to come back next day. His trail then showed that he had rejoined the band and moved off downhill.

During this charge he exhibited a speed and, even more, a power of acceleration, which can only be described as incredible, for he covered the fifteen yards in well under the second. Where he had hidden, and for two yards on, the ground was churned up to a depth of two inches by

the terrific force imposed on it, through his legs and arms, as he launched himself at us.

After this, more days of futile search. For two or three days past Vivers had been off-colour, and now it was evident that he was really ill. I therefore had to take him down, first to the White Fathers' Mission at Lulenga, where Father Provoost received us with his customary kindness—and then to hospital in Rutchuru.

Then back to the volcanoes, this time by an easy trail which led over high foothills to a camp on the north-eastern side of Mikeno. On these uplands the safari passed many herds of cattle, the property of the local Batutsi, members of a scattered people from whose ranks are recruited chieftains for most of the local tribes. Tall and dignified, with clear-cut features and perfect manners, one can readily believe the legend that these Batutsi are directly descended from the Ancient Egyptians.

The guides now reported gorilla, one band making towards Visoki, which lay due south, another at the top of the long valley which ran up under Mikeno. Although I spent an hour and a half amongst this first band, yet no animals were seen, for this country under Visoki is thick beyond words. Stinging-nettle here really comes into its own, with nine-inch leaves, each equipped with spikes, not hairs, a half-inch long or more. This band eventually circled back and was lost to us in the lower bamboos. In this part of the country one ran across many hives

pygmy of the Ituri forest. Living as they do on small animals which they catch in these dense jungles, and exchange in part for grain with other tribes, they know the country well and have an uncanny sense of direction and knowledge of the lurking-places of gorilla.

This band was visited almost regularly for the next fortnight, save when damp and cold brought out malaria and necessitated a day in camp. During this period the weather was both tantalising and unkind, for daily the sun came out and shone brightly till about 7.30, when heavy clouds came over. Thus photography was severely handicapped by lack of light, for, leaving camp at dawn, one never got in touch with the gorillas before nine. By midday at the latest heavy rain poured down, closing the day's proceedings and ensuring a good soaking on the return to camp.

The way up this valley towards Mikeno first followed an old elephant trail where going was easy. Shortly, however, it branched off on an old and hardly discernible gorilla trail, and thereafter all was hard work. One moment in undergrowth high overhead, as some open patch was crossed, then into cathedral gloom beneath high arching bamboos where sunlight never penetrated; again crawling through tunnels on hands and knees, and even flatter still, while vines and blackberry canes entangled and nettle brushed lips and eyes. One quickly learned the folly of rifle slings, and trigger guards that curve back instead of running smoothly into the stock.

Usually the band was heard well ahead, the noise made by some youngster to whom punishment was being administered giving its position away. At first the gorillas slept in the valley, but after we had been in touch with them for two or three days they formed the habit of climbing the high slopes to sleep, descending to feed in the morning.

We found this band at once without difficulty, and thereafter daily, although each time further from camp. On the first occasion, the leading pygmy spotted a gorilla behind a large clump of bush, which we were passing—how, I did not then know, for all that was to be seen was a cloud of flies, circling some twenty feet in the air. Afterwards I was to find that flies, if high up, often mark the presence of gorilla and pig, but when near the ground indicate that the animal has moved off, since they are then on or near the dung. The guide and I accordingly crawled into a tunnel which appeared to lead in the right direction, he ahead, and dragging my rifle just in front of my hand, while I brought the camera. A few yards in, a second tunnel joined this at right angles, and here the guide obtained a glimpse of an old man. By now it was useless to attempt to use a rifle, and I was lying on my side, as there was no room to kneel, and attempting to get at my revolver, when the gorilla put his head slowly into the tunnel mouth, some twenty-five feet away, looked at us, and slowly withdrew again. Serene and dignified, almost benign, he appeared, but massive beyond my expectation, for this was my first good "close up" of a male.

So tied up was I with revolver, camera, and vines that no photograph resulted. Thereafter, one shriek and silence. On working round, we found he had slipped silently away—how, I cannot tell, for in this country even the Batwa make a fearful noise as dead undergrowth crackles under foot.

Not wishing to follow directly in his wake, we went up a parallel trail left by a lady of the band until a small mound was reached. From here we got a glimpse of the old brute, ambushed behind a bend on his trail and waiting for us to come along. For ten minutes or more we watched him, alternately crouching down or craning his head out to glance back along the trail. At last a boy coughed, and he saw us. Furious at being outwitted, he was a comical sight, jumping up and down, beating his chest, and shrieking—the epitome of rage. He then rushed off, breaking bamboos and bushes in his way like so many twigs, and making noise enough to raise the dead; and even after coming to rest his rage was not spent, and the tree which sheltered him shook with his wrath. Since he was now located, we proceeded to cross his trail, towards a small hillside, when another shriek from a thick bush near at hand disclosed the presence of a second old man, who was completely concealed. And truly there is no more terrifying noise than a gorilla's sudden shriek, when the animal's close proximity is not suspected and his exact whereabouts is not known.

When on the hillside we could see the first old man some fifty yards away, sitting down, apparently placid now, and watching us. However, periodically he appeared to remember his job was to terrify, and varied scratching and feeding by leaping up and beating his chest to the accompaniment of suitable screams. Two more old males then appeared from out of a black tunnel, three in all, and I had thought originally that there was only one to compete with. No ladies were to be seen this day, and



THE GORILLA'S SLEEPING HABITS: A YOUNGSTER'S NEST, MADE BY BREAKING DOWN TWIGS AND LACING THEM WITH VINES, AT THE TOP OF A TREE, AT THE BASE OF WHICH THE REST OF THE BAND SLEPT. "At night," writes Mr. Marcuswell Maxwell, describing the habits of gorillas, "the 'old men' do not appear to sleep with the herd, but build their nests apart on the ground or in the enormous Hagenia trees, which fork only a few feet off the ground and can sleep an old gorilla comfortably. The band usually sleep together, the babies with their mothers, the youngsters often in nests of broken twigs and vines on the very topmost branches of whatever tree may shelter the herd. One often sees nests right under tree-trunks in thick vines or on fairly open hillsides. One also sees them up in bamboo clumps. Unless hunted, they only move a little way daily, probably not more than a quarter of a mile, and where they stop they sleep, making fresh nests each night."

Photograph by Marcuswell Maxwell. World Copyright Strictly Reserved by the "Times."

of the small bee which lives underground. The honey of this insect is eagerly sought for by the natives, who are very clever at finding the small hole which leads into the large underground cavity in which the comb is found. Since these bees do not sting, their nests are easy prey to the finder, but I noticed that all natives were most careful to return the comb to the nest after they had taken away the leather-like sacs which surround the living-cell and which contain the honey.

Thereafter, attention was switched to the Mikeno band, which proved much more interesting. By now I had two Batwa pygmies working under Jacobo, the head guide; cheery little fellows, though larger than the true

[Continued on page 344]

## THE WILD GORILLA'S REACTIONS TO MAN: A BAND'S COMBINED TACTICS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARCUSWELL MAXWELL. WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED BY THE "TIMES."



MEMBERS OF A BAND OF GORILLAS WHICH APPARENTLY ORGANISED AN ATTACK ON THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S PARTY: TWO MALES, AND A FEMALE CARRYING HER BABY, PHOTOGRAPHED IN AN AFRICAN FOREST.

This remarkable photograph illustrates an extraordinarily interesting encounter with gorillas in their native wild, which indicated their reactions to the approach of man; also their apparent powers of combination in defence and concerted tactics. As explained by Mr. Marcuswell Maxwell, on pages 312 and 313, some of his photographs were taken at a time when he believed the gorilla band was planning an organised attack. The above photograph shows the scene a few minutes later. "It was taken," he writes, "after we had moved back from the ledge of rock from which the other three photographs were obtained.

It shows the same old male gorilla in the same position, but above on the hillside are a female with a youngster on her back and another male. This second male had been above my head when we were on the ledge, but moved back to the point here shown after we had retreated. A third male was slightly below in the bush, but is not here visible." The old male remained under the same bush until the whole band moved off down the slope into the extremely thick bamboos. The photograph shows the kind of forest inhabited by gorillas on the lower slopes of Mikeno, and the steepness of the hillsides."

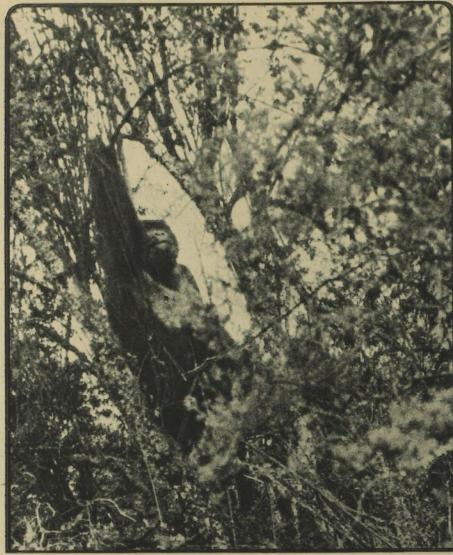


FIG. 1. THE OLD MAN WHO HAD PINCHED THE LOOKE-OUT "LADY" (SEEN IN FIGS. 6 AND 7) WHENEVER HER ATTENTION STRAYED FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHER: A FULL-GROWN GORILLA BREAKING DOWN BRANCHES IN A HIGH TREE TO FORM A COMFORTABLE SEAT.

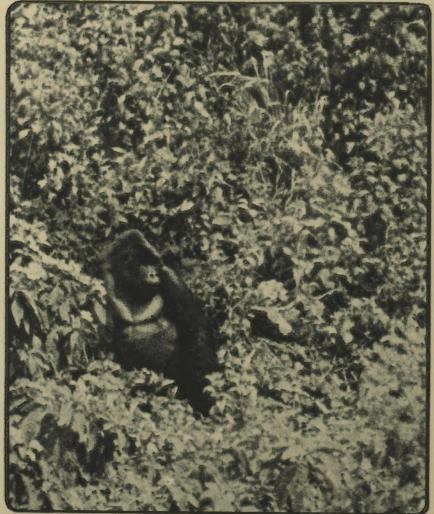


FIG. 5. AN OLD MALE GORILLA, IN THICK UNDERGROWTH, LOOKING ANGRY OR SEEING ONE OF THE PORTERS, LEFT BEHIND SO THAT MR. MAXWELL COULD CRAWL CLOSE: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM A POINT SLIGHTLY ABOVE ON A STEEP HILLSIDE.

Never before has anyone secured such amazing photographs of gorillas, in their natural haunts, as those (given here and elsewhere in this number) taken by Mr. Marcuswell Maxwell, whose article on the subject appears on page 310. Describing the particular occasion on which Figs. 1, 2, 6, and 7 were obtained, he writes further:

"At last luck favoured us. Some twenty-five yards off, a full-grown lady climbed a large magnolia tree to spy on us, while the band congregated below. Whenever her attention strayed, the old man, whose weight prevented him from climbing up to her high perch, would reach up and pinch her until she was all attention again. Finally, his own curiosity became too strong, and he climbed a larger tree, made himself comfortable, and settled down to watch us. However, the band felt out of this and quickly called him down to move off to a slight ridge some 200 yards away, where they could all watch us. The old male, standing up with shoulders forward and arms dangling down almost to the ground, can only be compared to reconstructions, which one sees, of Neanderthal man." Later, an old male was located

## THE MOST AMAZING PHOTOGRAPHS OF "OLD MEN" AND "LADIES"

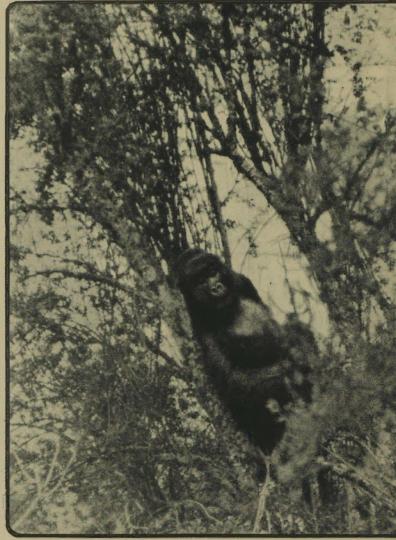


FIG. 2. THE SAME GORILLA (AS IN FIG. 1) AFTER HE HAD SETTLED HIMSELF COMFORTABLY IN HIS OBSERVATION-POST: THE OLD MAN WHO HAD GRUDGED THE FEMALE HAVING THE ONLY VIEW OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER.



FIG. 6. THE FEMALE SPY SENT UP TO KEEP WATCH ON THE PHOTOGRAPHER AND PINCHED BY THE OLD MAN (FIGS. 1 AND 2) WHENEVER HER ATTENTION STRAYED: A FULL-GROWN FEMALE GORILLA IN A LARGE MAGNOLIA TREE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARCUSWELL MAXWELL. WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY

## GORILLAS IN THEIR NATIVE HAUNTS: SEEN AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

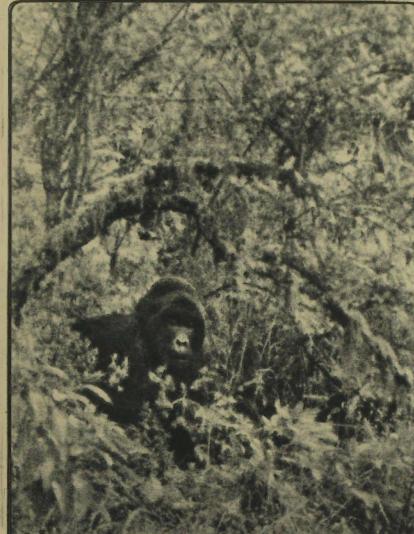


FIG. 3. "THE OLD MALES CAN ONLY BE COMPARED TO RECONSTRUCTIONS OF NEANDERTHAL MAN": A BIG GORILLA (SEEN ALSO IN FIG. 4 AND ON THE FRONT PAGE AND PAGE 311) WATCHING THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

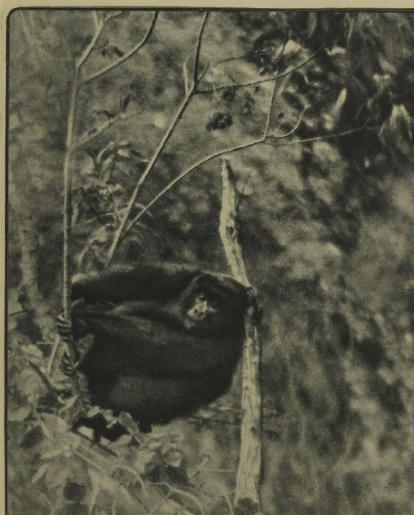


FIG. 7. "IT WAS VERY INTERESTING TO WATCH THE ATTITUDES SHE ASSUMED: SHE WAS VERY BORED AND CONTINUALLY SCRATCHED HERSELF AND FEED": ANOTHER VIEW OF THE FEMALE SPY TAKEN AT TWENTY YARDS THROUGH A GAP IN FOLIAGE.

heads, and to this we managed to scramble, to find that it led into an old trail where the rock ended. As we assembled here a shrill ahead announced that the gorilla had out-maneuvered us and was guarding the track. Quickly the camera was in position and several photographs were taken when he shoved himself above the bushes. A shrill then gave the position of the second male away; another shrill disclosed the third old man, while three or four females and young males could be seen converging towards us along the hillside, one with a youngster on its back.

(See page 311.) I firmly believe that an organised attack had been planned by the band."

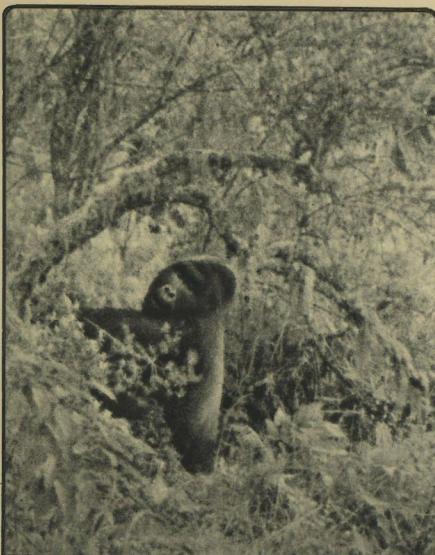


FIG. 4. ONE OF THE OLD MEN IN A BAND OF GORILLAS WHICH APPEARED TO BE PLANNING AN ORGANISED ATTACK ON THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S PARTY: THE SAME GORILLA AS SHOWN IN FIG. 3 AND ON THE FRONT PAGE AND PAGE 311.



FIG. 8. "SHE RUSHED DOWN ON OUR APPROACH, BUT CURIOSITY OVERCAME HER AND JUST BEFORE DISAPPEARING INTO DENSE FOLIAGE SHE STOPPED TO GLANCE AT US, AND GAVE ME TIME FOR TWO EXPOSURES": AN ADULT FEMALE GORILLA UP A TREE.

in the branches of a large Hagenia tree. "After proceeding for some fifty yards," says Mr. Maxwell, "we were stopped by a large rock jutting out of the hill and forming a natural bridge across the path. It was some twenty feet from top to bottom. On reaching it, a ledge was to be seen some twenty feet above our draw back. A shrill then gave the position of the second male away; another shrill disclosed the third old man, while three or four females and young males could be seen converging towards us along the hillside, one with a youngster on its back.

(See page 311.) I firmly believe that an organised attack had been planned by the band."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MANY modern adventures have befallen the more or less tautological maxim that boys will be boys. We have seen it applied, in a bright and breezy manner, so as rather to suggest the variant that boys will be bounders. We have even heard modern murmurs of the opposite defect, in complaints that boys won't be boys. But it is not easy to state justly what really does change, and what really does remain the same, in that juvenile riot which is called a new generation. For instance, we have had in recent years a rather new phenomenon; that of schoolboys writing stories about school, which are

but not exactly as it was used by Shaw. One might roughly state the difference thus: that the youthful G.B.S. laid down the law, but he thought there was a law to be laid down. He wished to expound the system of Socialism, and to expound the system systematically. Indeed, some of his earliest expositions of it are rather more dry and scientific than his later ones. We might almost say that he began by being the pedant of the scientific cosmos, and only ended by being the playboy of the Western world. There was a considerable change, not to say enlargement and relaxation, between the young man who only wanted people to understand Marx and the old man who wanted people not to misunderstand Mussolini. Anyhow, he was a rebel, but a rebel who wanted to establish or lay down a rule; a revolutionary rule, of course, but still, a rule.

Nowadays, the young rebels do not want to lay down a rule, but to lay down exceptions. They want to deal with exceptions. They want to be exceptions. I do not say they wish to be regarded as very exceptional people; for that slight error has been common enough in youth, and is not altogether unknown even in age. But they have broken up the scheme of existence into exceptions, which have no real rule to connect them. The result is that their revolutionary colours are not only gaudy, but also patchy. It is not for nothing that what is called a jazz pattern has become the blazonry of the jazz age. The mentality really does differ from that of the old theoretical revolutionist, as a patchwork pattern of vivid colours differs from the decorative harmony and unity of the old designs of Walter Crane. Walter Crane was famous in his day as the artist of the Socialists. But Crane had a scheme of decoration, as Shaw had a scheme of government. The mind of the discontented youth just now does not appear to be a scheme, even a scheme of stripes or checks; but entirely a thing of spots and splashes.

air of radiant finality, "All human emotions are good." As fear is certainly a human emotion, it can only be inferred that fear is good. But, in that case, why was it so very wicked to turn love into fear, seeing it was only exchanging one good emotion for another good emotion? The reason is not that the writer has any revolutionary paradox to the effect that fear is good, or that fear is not emotional. The reason is simply that the writer has forgotten in the fifteenth line what he wrote in the fifth line. In other words, his thinking is all in scraps and patches, and nobody could deduce what he would say in one place from what he had said in another. Now the old revolutionist, of the early days of Shaw and Wells was not like that. He discussed different subjects; but he did not apply a different philosophy to each. There was a body, a personality, a whole point of view that was Bernard Shaw; another that was Wells; another that was William Morris; another that was Karl Marx. But it seems to me that the more modern mind is breaking up; sometimes into brilliant fragments; sometimes into merely brittle and futile fragments.

For I only say that this seems to be the difference; I do not even say that it is in all ways a difference for the worse. It was a Victorian who said that our little systems have their day; but perhaps even the revolutionary Victorians were a little too fond of their little systems. Perhaps this habit of spontaneous combustion, or bursting out with explosive remarks in all directions, may lead to some larger sincerity than the limited sincerity of the systematisers, whose combustion was as carefully drilled and calculated as the fire of artillery. But, when all allowance has been made, it does seem to me that this random way of writing and talking will be of less effect; for the simple reason that it will not produce a sharp and complete impression. Many will remember a fine satirist named Sullivan, in the lighter journalism of the later nineteenth century, who once wrote a parody of rationalist pessimism, proving that human faces could never be retained in human memories, being fitted together with the



THE CENTENARY OF FARADAY'S GREAT DISCOVERY (MADE ON 29 AUGUST, 1831): THE FAMOUS SCIENTIST'S LABORATORY, TO BE RECONSTRUCTED FOR THE CELEBRATIONS—A PAINTING BY HARRIET MOORE, SHOWING FARADAY AT WORK IN 1852.

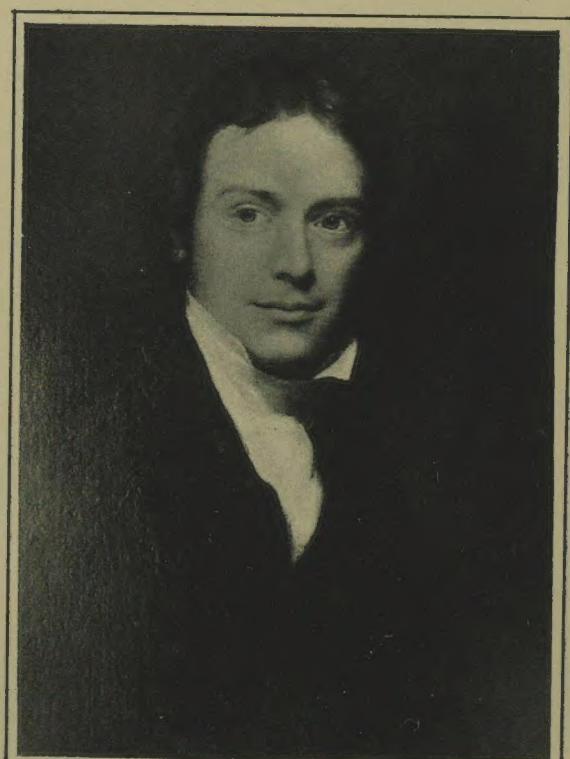
In August 1831, Michael Faraday made the discovery of electro-magnetic induction—a discovery from which have sprung electrical marvels familiar to us to-day, both at home and in industry. The principal feature of the celebrations will be a comprehensive scientific and electrical exhibition—to open at the Albert Hall on September 23. This exhibition will be entirely devoted to the demonstration of the results of Faraday's work, in such a form that all who will may learn something of the basic principles, and something of the modern methods of application, which have made possible such things as broadcasting, radio-telephony, and television. The subject will be fully illustrated in a later number in connection with the centenary celebrations during September.

the very reverse of what was once meant by schoolboy stories. At one time it would have been described, not as writing novels about school life, but merely as telling tales out of school. As to the novels themselves, I do not know whether the other boys resent them; though I rather doubt whether the other boys read them. But it is a good example of the way in which the external fashion of revolt can change: from the pleasure of making paper darts to the pleasure of merely writing to the papers; I will not say the pleasure of merely spoiling paper. There are, however, it seems to me, some rather deeper differentiations; which yet remain only different ways of doing the same thing. In so far as there really is a sort of revolutionary mood in the young, or some of the young, it seems to me to differ from the revolutionary mood that I remember in myself and in the rest of their elders. For dukes and bishops and bankers have all known something of such a mood; and even Socialist leaders were once revolutionists.

The most sincere Socialist leader of my youth, Mr. Bernard Shaw, for instance, established a manner or method which is still, to some extent, imitated. It may be called the explosive method; or that which combines being epigrammatic with being dogmatic. We all know Mr. Shaw's extremely sweeping statements, which are not only extreme statements, but commonly extreme simplifications. To fling something away and call it nonsense; to slam something on the table and call it common sense; to sum up a subject with brevity or dismiss a subject with disdain; this was Shaw's method, and it is still used,

One of the schoolboys who figure as somewhat precocious novelists wrote recently something that was not a novel, but professed to be the statement of a Creed. He clearly had no notion of what is meant by a Creed. What he wrote was not a Creed, not because I do not believe in it, or because nobody could believe in it, or because it is unbelievable, but because there was absolutely no connection between one clause in it and another. It was as cocksure and confident as Bernard Shaw; but there was really nothing in which the confidence could confide; for faith and confidence are derived from the same Latin word. He announced it in a challenging fashion as if it were an unchangeable creed; but, in fact, there was no question of his changing the creed, for he was always changing the subject. It was simply a series of disconnected and disgruntled remarks on totally different topics, uttered in a loud voice. Most of the statements had no connection with each other; some of them contradicted each other. For instance, some of them were merely the weary echoes of that everlasting cant and claptrap, in the repetition of which even the journalists are growing jaded, about how Christianity has been captured by priests who disguised it with some dark and disgusting things that are always called "dogmas."

One does not need to be either a boy or a rebel to talk like that; a man of ninety would yawn at hearing it, having heard it all his life. But anyhow, he denounces the wickedness of priests who have poisoned Christian love with "fear and dogma." Then, a few lines lower down, he announces with the same



A GREAT ENGLISH SCIENTIST WHOSE CENTENARY IS ABOUT TO BE CELEBRATED: MICHAEL FARADAY, WHOSE ELECTRICAL DISCOVERY IN 1831 LED TO BROADCASTING AND OTHER MODERN WONDERS.

same features in infinitely varying proportions. It seems to me that the youngest writers are scattering their features all over the newspapers; and that the oldest writers, like Bernard Shaw, still have the advantage of presenting an unforgettable face.

## THE RECORD FLOODS IN CHINA: "VENETIAN" SCENES IN HANKOW.



WHERE THE RIVER YANGTSE HAS SINCE REACHED THE RECORD HEIGHT OF 53½ FT.: A VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANK AT HANKOW, LOOKING ALONG THE BUND TO THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

OWING to exceptional rains, combined with the annual melting of mountain snows, China has lately been visited by the worst floods in living memory, which, in their vast extent, and consequent loss of life, damage to property, and menace of famine and pestilence, have amounted to a national catastrophe. It was reported that in the Province of Hupeh alone 4,000,000 houses had been destroyed and 8000 people drowned in the urban region of Hankow. The total number of those rendered destitute was recently estimated at 50,000,000, and the Government formed a National Flood Relief Commission. On August 14 it was stated that there were then about 700,000 refugees in the three Wuhan cities—Hankow, Hanyang, and Wuchow—and that at Hankow the river Yangtse was 10 inches above the highest flood level ever recorded. A later message (of August 21) reported that hopes of a decline in the flood at Hankow had been falsified, and the river had returned to its previous record height of 53½ ft. above Bund level. The Government was then said to be considering the question of a general evacuation, and seven steamers, engaged for the purpose, were moving refugees. A slight fall in the Yangtse at Hankow was reported on August 23, and it was hoped that the deluge had reached its maximum, but the general condition of the refugees was worse, their sufferings being increased by the heat. "If food and safe refuge are not quickly forthcoming on a large scale," wrote a "Times" correspondent, "the further loss of life will be enormous." The above photographs, which have just come to hand, were taken about the beginning of this month. One of our correspondents who sent them writes, in a covering letter dated August 1: "The Yangtse River has risen to an unprecedented height, and has overflowed the banks and broken the dykes, flooding the whole of the Foreign Concessions and local area to a depth of from three to eight feet of water. Hankow can now claim to be the Venice of the East. The



THE ENTRANCE TO THE HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANK AT HANKOW DURING THE FLOODS, WHICH LATER ROSE TO A STILL HIGHER LEVEL: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS MONTH.



HANKOW BECOMES A VENICE OF THE EAST: A SAMPAN (CHINESE ROWING BOAT) USED AS THE ONLY MEANS OF TRANSPORT IN A FLOODED STREET—A TYPICAL SCENE BESIDE THE HANKOW CLUB.



HANKOW AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE YANGTSE HAD FLOODED THE STREETS TO A DEPTH OF 3 TO 8 FT.: A SAMPAN AND CANOE AND (BEYOND) FOUR CHINESE ON A FLOATING PLANK, OUTSIDE THE NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK.

damage done to both Chinese and foreign property is incalculable. Sampans (Chinese rowing boats) are the only means of transport."

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ONE phase of aviation—the development of speed—has been much to the fore of late in connection with the Schneider Trophy; another phase—that of long-distance records—is largely associated with Australia. My list of books this week contains one of general Australian interest, with many incidental references to flying, and several others primarily concerned with that fascinating science. I will begin with the first-mentioned volume, namely, "A CENTURY OF JOURNALISM." The *Sydney Morning Herald* and its Record of Australian Life, 1831-1931. With twelve Coloured Plates and numerous other Illustrations (Sydney: John Fairfax and Sons, Ltd.; London office, 58, Fleet Street; 35s.). Such a chronicle as this book contains is not one that can be compressed into small compass, and I am not surprised to find it of considerable weight, literally as well as metaphorically. Its bulk is increased also by the very large number of illustrations, which, if not quite up to the standard of reproduction to which we are accustomed here, are of great historical interest as recalling aspects of the Australian scene in bygone days. While much of the text will appeal chiefly to Australian readers, there is a great deal that will interest every citizen of the Empire. In a foreword indicating the scope of the work, the proprietors state: "The *Sydney Morning Herald* is the first Australian journal to reach its centenary. . . . We tell of its origin and early days and of the origin and history of the firm of John Fairfax and Sons, which for so long has carried it on. We give, as well as can be given within the compass of one volume, an account of the *Herald's* record of Australian life over a period of great changes and astounding growth. In short, over the period of the rise of the Australian nation from infancy to manhood. Such a record, traced in the files of a great daily journal, it is hard to surpass, either for comprehensive accuracy or for picturesqueness and intimacy. And, finally, we deal with the *Herald* of to-day; its achievements, its status, and its methods of work."

While dipping into these pages, I have noticed several interesting remarks on Australian literary affairs, such as the comparative merits of the Dominion poets, Adam Lindsay Gordon and his more modern successors, Henry Lawson and A. B. ("Banjo") Paterson, who are described as more popular than Gordon because they "do really represent the Australian point of view, do really paint the Australians and Australia as they are, and do not attempt to do so upon a basis of academical moralising which shows through its thin veneer and robs the picture of its national spirit." Among other Australian writers mentioned is "Rolf Boldrewood"—the pen-name of Thomas Alfred Brown, squatter, police magistrate, and man of the world—whose most famous story, "Robbery Under Arms," first appeared as a serial in the *Sydney Mail*, a weekly journal founded by the same firm. Another passage recalls an interesting link between the Antipodes and English fiction. "It was during this period (1845-1862) that Henry Kingsley, whom many good critics prefer as a writer to his more famous brother Charles, was a resident of Australia and gained the material and the 'atmosphere' for 'Geoffrey Hamlyn,' that fine story of Australian life, which he wrote and published in 1869, the year after he had returned to England."

As mentioned above, there are many references to aviation, past and present. "On 10 December 1909," we read, "the *Herald* published a short paragraph (beginning thus): 'The first aerial flight in Australasia by a motor-propelled machine was accomplished yesterday afternoon at Victoria Park Racecourse. The machine, handled by Mr. Colin Defries, flew about 115 yards, the time of flight being registered as 5½ seconds. The height attained varied from two to fifteen feet; and there was every prospect of the aeroplane soaring aloft had not the engine worked badly.'" The *Herald*, we are told, had for over forty years keenly interested itself in the possibility of flight, and its first reference to the matter was on June 1, 1841, when it quoted an American prediction that, as a result of a certain Virginian gentleman's invention, "mails would be carried in the air at 100 miles an hour." On June 28, 1843, the *Herald* said regarding a certain English invention: "It must be confessed that the accomplishment of this wonder by steam is the most extraordinary part of the tale; for the ponderous nature of the engine, with its necessary fuel and water, would seem to baffle all schemes to render it buoyant. Nevertheless, as there are pelicans as well as swallows among birds, we may yet behold a stately Leviathan rising in the air."

The next allusion to the progress of aviation in Australia occurs in an obituary (published on July 7th, 1915) of Lawrence Hargrave, who, though born in England, lived for forty-eight out of his sixty-five years in Australia. It was said of him at the time: "Sydney will one day be

noted, not for its famous harbour, but as being the home of Hargrave, the man who invented the flying machine." Explaining his claim to this distinction, the writer said: "He gave up his work at the Observatory, and thereafter devoted most of his life to the study of aeronautics; and certain it is that the present-day successes in mechanical flight are due largely to the work of this man in Australia. Thirty years ago Lawrence Hargrave was studying the flight of birds, and making working models embodying the principles of their motions. The success of the models convinced him of the possibility of mechanical flight; and in a paper which he read before the Royal Society, on August 6, 1884, he gave particulars of his discoveries. . . . Eleven years later—in 1895—Hargrave conducted a remarkable experiment at Stanwell Park, on the South Coast, utilising his invention of the cellular or box kites, the fore-runner of the modern aeroplane, to lift him from the ground. . . . The principle was adopted by practically every military nation for signalling purposes. It was Hargrave who lifted human flight from the realm of dreamland into realisation; it was upon his discoveries that other men built, who have become famous in the world of aeronautics. . . . For thirty years he worked steadily on the problems of aerial engineering, constructing models, improving on them, and ever reaching higher stages. His

the Sydney Technological Museum. I ought to add that Australia's great flying achievements since the war are duly recorded in the *Herald's* history.

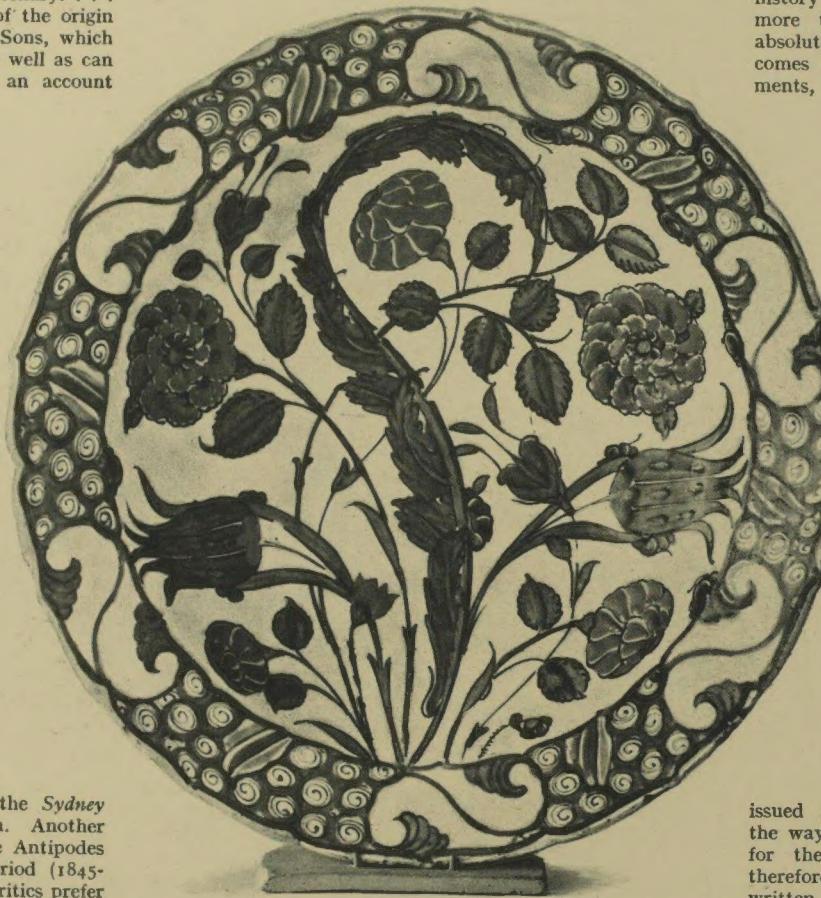
Having recently watched the *Graf Zeppelin* in majestic flight over London, I turn with interest to a memoir of the man to whom it and its predecessors owe their being and their name—"COUNT ZEPPELIN": A Biography. By Margaret Goldsmith. With a Foreword by Hugo Eckener. Illustrated (Cape; 7s. 6d.). The book, which is distinctly on the short side as biographies go, is a study of the man rather than of his invention. And a very interesting man he was. In his younger days he was adventurous and original. He broke away from the aristocratic tradition of his family by transferring into the army engineers, and, in 1863, suddenly crossed the Atlantic and took part in the American Civil War. His chief adventure there was a balloon ascent, and "it was while over St. Paul" (he writes) "in the balloon that the idea came to me that successful dirigible flights could be made." He returned to Germany and regimental life in 1864, and it was not until nine years later that he began to draft actual plans of a rigid airship. There seems to be a certain gap in his personal history at this period, for we read: "From 1873 until more than fifteen years later, he kept his plan an absolute secret from everyone except his wife." Then comes the story of his early struggles and disappointments, and eventual success.

The *Zeppelin* was not, in the mind of its deviser, originally a war machine. "In his airship from its first beginnings," writes Dr. Eckener, "he perceived an instrument for bringing the peoples of the world nearer to each other. This service to the cause of humanity became the constant aim of his youthful and energetic existence." He died on March 8, 1917. It is interesting to learn that at the end of his life he decided that in warfare the aeroplane was more important than the airship, and at the age of nearly eighty began to develop the building of aeroplanes in Friedrichshafen. President von Hindenburg mentions in his "Memoirs" a visit from Count Zeppelin early in 1917. "The touching simplicity of his manner," says Hindenburg, "made a profound impression on us all. . . . In his opinion the aeroplane and not the airship will in future control the air. The Count died soon after this visit, so that he was spared the misfortune of his Fatherland . . . fortunate man!"

It was mentioned a few days ago that the Royal Aero Club had just issued its 10,000th aviator's certificate (the recipient, by the way, being a woman), a fact that speaks volumes for the growing popularity of flying. There should therefore be a very large public for two books specially written to meet the needs of novices. One of these is an instructional work by a famous pilot. "BARNARD ON LEARNING TO FLY." By Captain C. D. Barnard. With Foreword by Lieut.-Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon (holder, by the way, of the first Royal Aero Club certificate). With seven Plates and numerous Diagrams (Sampson Low; 15s.). The other volume, also instructional (for examination purposes) and written by two distinguished airmen, is "A COMPLETE COURSE FOR THE COMMERCIAL FLYING LICENCE." By Lawrence Hope and Norman W. Kennedy. With ninety-seven Illustrations, including Photographs and Diagrams (John Hamilton, Ltd.; 21s.). I have the authority of a flying friend, about to qualify as full-fledged pilot, for stating that, had this work been published earlier, it would have saved him infinite research among official publications; also that Captain Barnard's book is one of great practical value, especially to the beginner.

"Arising out of" the above remarks (to use a Parliamentary phrase) is a short list of other books of cognate interest, in some respects, to the foregoing. I shall hope to deal later with "HENRY KINGSLEY." Towards a Vindication. By S. M. Ellis. Illustrated (Grant Richards; 12s. 6d.). Aviation provides some of the later chapters in "THE PAGEANT OF TRANSPORT THROUGH THE AGES." By W. H. Boulton. With Introduction by Sir Josiah Stamp. Abundantly Illustrated (Sampson Low; 12s. 6d.). Political life and travel in modern Germany are represented respectively in "THE OUTLAWS." By Ernst von Salomon. Translated from the German by Ian F. D. Morrow (Cape; 10s. 6d.)—the self-told story of a young idealist's adventures in the army and in prison; and "A WAYFARER IN CENTRAL GERMANY." By Malcolm Letts, F.S.A. With twenty-three Illustrations and two Maps (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Letts takes us to some enchanting small towns and other places off the beaten track.

C. E. B.



THE TWENTY-SIXTH TREASURE ISOLATED AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM AS THE MASTER-PIECE OF THE WEEK: A DISH MADE AT ISNIK (THE ANCIENT NICAEA) IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. This sixteenth-century dish was made at Isnik (the ancient Nicæa), in Asia Minor, during the period of greatest expansion of the Ottoman Empire, when, under Solomon the Magnificent (1520-66), the Turkish dominions included not only Asia Minor, Syria, and North Africa, but a large part of south-eastern Europe. The pottery industry which flourished at Isnik was largely concerned with the manufacture of tiles for the splendid mosques erected at Constantinople and elsewhere during this epoch, but dishes and jugs were also made in quantity and have always been prized for their rare beauty of colour and design. A great refinement of material is characteristic of this pottery. It is a grey earthenware covered with a "slip" of fine white clay, and a clear siliceous glaze under which the blue, green, and red pigments develop an unsurpassed richness and purity of tone; the red, to which especially the ware owes its peculiar splendour, has never quite been equalled elsewhere in pottery. The most characteristic designs are composed of slightly stylised plant-motives wrought into complex and ingenious but always clear and rhythmical patterns; the variety of treatment and fancy shown in the borders is also especially noteworthy. The name "Rhodian ware" commonly given to this pottery is now known to be based on an error or misunderstanding.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

models . . . were offered to Governments; they were offered to Institutions—there was no room available. The same indifference was shown in England. So Mr. Hargrave presented them to Germany, and to-day they may be seen in the Deutsche Museum at Munich. . . . It is believed that the Taube aeroplane, which has been so prominent in the Great War, is fashioned on one of these Australian models." His original monoplane and one box-kite, however, are among the principal treasures of

## THE CHIEF LABOUR DISSENTIENTS FROM THE PREMIER'S POLICY.

THE final stages of the crisis over the problem of balancing the Budget caused an important cleavage in the Labour Party. While Mr. MacDonald was supported by Mr. Snowden and Mr. Thomas, other members of the late Ministry dissented from his policy. It was stated that, on August 23, it became clear that the Cabinet was disunited, and that Mr. Arthur Henderson, then Foreign Secretary, led a section of the Cabinet that preferred to resign rather than agree to a proposed 10 per cent. cut in unemployment insurance benefits (the dole). Other Ministers said to have followed his lead (to whose names we add their former offices) were Mr. J. R. Clynes (Home Secretary), Mr. A. V. Alexander (First Lord of

[Continued on right.]



EX-MINISTERS OF THE LATE LABOUR GOVERNMENT, WHO DISSENTED FROM THE PREMIER ON THE QUESTION OF A REDUCTION IN UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE BENEFIT: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) ABOVE—MR. WILLIAM ADAMSON, DR. ADDISON, MR. TOM JOHNSTON, AND MR. A. V. ALEXANDER; (BELOW) MR. J. R. CLYNES, MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON, MR. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, MR. GEORGE LANSBURY, AND MR. WILLIAM GRAHAM.

the Admiralty), Mr. George Lansbury (First Commissioner of Works), Mr. William Graham (President of the Board of Trade), Mr. William Adamson (Secretary for Scotland), Mr. Arthur Greenwood (Minister of Health), Dr. Addison (Minister of Agriculture), and Mr. Tom Johnston (Under-Secretary for Health). It was stated that on the 26th there would be held a joint meeting of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress and the National Executive of the Labour Party, and that the T.U.C. Council would continue to oppose the reduction in the dole with every means in its power.



THE COUNCIL OF THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) SEATED IN FRONT—MESSRS. A. B. SWALES AND G. HICKS, MISS JULIA VARLEY, MESSRS. J. BEARD, A. HAYDAY, W. M. CITRINE, AND BEN TILLETT, MISS ANNE LOUGHLIN, AND MR. G. GIBSON; MIDDLE ROW—MESSRS. W. R. TOWNLEY, A. CONLEY, J. HINDLE, W. KEEN, J. HALLSWORTH, A. H. FINDLAY, J. HILL, H. H. ELVIN, F. WOLSTENCROFT, R. T. JONES, A. PUGH, A. SHAW, W. HOLMES, J. ROWAN, AND J. DAVONPORT; STANDING AT BACK—MESSRS. A. S. FIRTH, J. BROMLEY, C. T. CRAMP, AND H. BOOTHMAN.

## CROWD PSYCHOLOGY IN A POLITICAL CRISIS: SCENES IN LONDON.



LONDONERS OF ALL CLASSES INTERESTED IN "A GRAVE NATIONAL CRISIS . . . FRAUGHT WITH SERIOUS CONSEQUENCES TO EVERY MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY": THE CROWD AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE WAITING TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF THE PREMIER AFTER HIS INTERVIEW WITH THE KING.



MEN AND WOMEN OF LONDON GATHERED IN THEIR THOUSANDS TO WATCH THE COMING AND GOING OF MINISTERS AT THE PREMIER'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE: A TYPICAL CROWD OUTSIDE NO. 10, DOWNING STREET.

Londoners of all classes and both sexes took a lively interest in the development of the political crisis which resulted in the announcement, on August 24, that the King had asked Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to form a new National Government for the purpose of meeting the financial emergency. As Mr. Baldwin put it, in his statement issued that night: "We are face to face with a grave national crisis, which, if not taken in hand with courage and firmness, would be fraught with serious consequences to every man, woman, and child throughout the country." The people of London fully realised this, and took every opportunity to watch the proceedings of the statesmen taking a prominent part in the

various meetings and discussions. Crowds gathered especially outside Buckingham Palace and the Prime Minister's house at No. 10, Downing Street, to see the arrivals and departures of statesmen. These particular photographs were taken on Sunday, August 23, and the upper one shows a typical London crowd, including men, women, and children, gathered outside the Palace. Early on that morning, it may be recalled, the King arrived from Balmoral to hear the views of the Party leaders. The Premier called at 10.20 and remained at the Palace for an hour. Later, Sir Herbert Samuel (the Liberal representative) arrived, and in the afternoon Mr. Baldwin visited his Majesty.

## THE HEART OF BRITISH POLITICS: "NO. 10" DURING THE RECENT CRISIS.



THE DOOR THROUGH WHICH PRIME MINISTERS COME AND GO, AND BEHIND WHICH THE FATE OF NATIONS IS DECIDED :  
THE FRONT OF NO. 10, DOWNING STREET, SEEN THROUGH A GATEWAY OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

No. 10, Downing Street, that old-fashioned house which has long been the official residence of British Prime Ministers, and within whose walls so much political history has been made, became, as always in times of political stress, a goal of public pilgrimage during the recent crisis. As shown more clearly in the lower photograph reproduced on the opposite page, which was also taken in Downing Street, Londoners gathered there in great numbers, throughout the

fateful week-end, to watch the coming and going of Ministers during the various meetings of the Cabinet, or visits of the Premier to Buckingham Palace, and to pick up, if possible, the latest scraps of news regarding the development of the situation. Our photograph shows the front door of No. 10 seen from an unusual point of view; that is, through a high-arched gateway of the Foreign Office on the opposite side of Downing Street. This gives a strikingly picturesque effect.

## THE NATION-BEFORE-PARTY CABINET: THE DECEMVIRATE OF THE NEWLY CONSTITUTED NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.



(CONSERVATIVE) SECRETARY FOR INDIA: SIR SAMUEL HOARE.



(CONSERVATIVE) PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE: SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER.



(LABOUR) CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER: MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN.



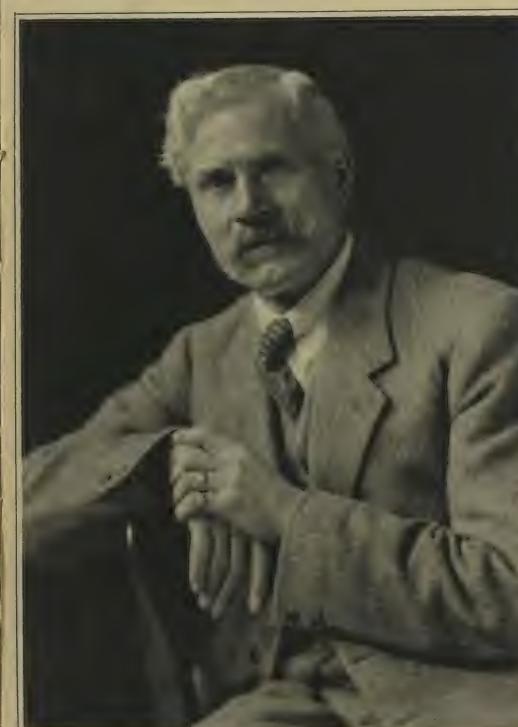
(LABOUR) DOMINIONS SECRETARY AND SECRETARY FOR THE COLONIES: MR. J. H. THOMAS.



(CONSERVATIVE) MINISTER OF HEALTH: MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.



(CONSERVATIVE) LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL: MR. STANLEY BALDWIN.



(LABOUR) PRIME MINISTER AND FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY: MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD.



(LABOUR) LORD CHANCELLOR: LORD SANKEY.



(LIBERAL) HOME SECRETARY: SIR HERBERT SAMUEL.



(LIBERAL) FOREIGN SECRETARY: THE MARQUESS OF READING.

The following official announcement was issued on August 24: "The Prime Minister this afternoon tendered to the King the resignation of the Ministry, which was accepted by his Majesty, who entrusted Mr. Ramsay MacDonald with the task of forming a National Government on a comprehensive basis for the purpose of meeting the present financial emergency. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald accepted the commission, and is now in conference with Mr. Stanley Baldwin and Sir Herbert Samuel, who are co-operating with him in the constitution of such an Administration." Later, on the same day, appeared another official statement in the following terms: "The Prime Minister, since kissing hands on appointment by his Majesty this afternoon, has been in consultation with Mr. Baldwin, Sir Herbert Samuel, and Mr. Snowden, to the names to be submitted to the King for inclusion as Ministers in the new Government. Considerable progress has been made. The specific object for which the new Government is being formed is to deal with the national emergency that now exists. It will not be a Coalition Government in the usual sense of the term, but a Government of co-operation for this one purpose. When that

purpose is achieved the political parties will resume their respective positions. In order to correct without delay the excess of national expenditure over revenue, it is anticipated that Parliament will be summoned to meet on September 8, when proposals will be submitted to the House of Commons for a very large reduction of expenditure and for the provision on an equitable basis of the further funds required to balance the Budget. As the commerce and well-being not only of the British nation but of a large part of the civilised world has been built up and rests upon a well-founded confidence in sterling, the new Government will take whatever steps may be deemed by them to be necessary to justify the maintenance of that confidence unimpaired." It was agreed that the National Cabinet should consist of ten members—four from the Labour Party, four Conservatives, and two Liberals. We give above the portraits of this new decemvirate. Among other Ministers appointed, but not in the Cabinet, are Sir Austen Chamberlain (Conservative), First Lord of the Admiralty; and Sir Donald Maclean (Liberal), President of the Board of Education.

# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

## "THE VIKING."

ALL the world knows the story of the tragic ending of the *Viking* expedition that cost the lives of twenty-six men, including that of Mr. Varick Frissell, the producer of the film, soon to be seen in the West End. But, apart from the poignancy in the memory of the loss of the ship and of the gallant band of the crew and technicians who returned, undaunted, to the scene of their first labours in order to obtain some more perfect "shots" with which to complete the picture, "The Viking" is one of those rare films that are both the glory and the vindication of the kinema. To sit safe and snug in a comfortable theatre and watch the unrolling of these scenes of terror and Arctic majesty; to hear the thunder of the warring icebergs; to see the long line of men strung out, pigmy-wise, across the glittering wastes of churning, frozen waters, and to know that they are not the figment of a fictionist's imagination, but actual fact, is to realise the sound- and motion-picture as a stupendous power in the enlargement of mental horizons and the establishment of human sympathies.

How Mr. Frissell came to make the film is told in a spoken prelude by Sir Wilfred Grenfell, who has himself spent forty years in medical service and relief work among

of her hull; the employment of the crew as human ballast as they race from side to side of the deck; the tug-of-war to release the imprisoned vessel; the eager descent by means of swaying wooden cradles to the shifting ice-floor; the perilous leaps from moving floe to floe in search of the longed-for quarry; the sudden sighting of a vast herd of

than mere "social comedy." Her Sara, who loved Bill, who thought he loved Evie, is a woman of flesh and blood, of humour and fineness, of gallant pride and overwrought humility, a characterisation that, for all its conventional trappings of the screen, despite the anti-climax of the end, bears the hallmarks of brilliant technique and of equally brilliant sincerity.

There have been conflicting rumours as to the type of film in which Miss Ina Claire will play next. Report has it that, like most true comedians, she yearns—not, in her case, without real justification for it—to dedicate her talent to rôles of a more dramatic and emotional nature. Judging by the two performances she has recently given, her work could never be uninteresting. Everything she does or says has point and precision. One cannot imagine her making a non-significant gesture or slurring a line. Though many of her scenes in "Rebound" are touched with restlessness, it is the restlessness that comes from mental and emotional unease, never mere fidgetiness. And she is capable also of the unexpected in both diction and movement in a way that is by turns exciting and appealing.

Her support in the present film is unequal. It is a little difficult to believe that her Sara would have seen all she undoubtedly did in the Bill of Mr. Robert Ames. But the smaller part of Johnny, the adoring swain who has to be content with grateful affection

seals; the sound of the silence loud with rifles; the plunging and the panic; the pitiful crying of a new-born seal and the frantic movements of its mother—all these are more enthralling, more beautiful in their splendid pictorial simplicity and actuality, than any romance ever penned.

This film should be preserved in the national archives of the screen. It is a lovely thing, both in intention and in realisation. If some of its technical qualities fall short of what the modern kinema demands, it is no matter. It is an unforgettable chronicle of the conditions under which a far-off section of men of our own race are living and working. As such it is a worthy memorial to those who died.

## INA CLAIRE IN "REBOUND."

It may be her varied stage experience that gives the acting of Miss Ina Claire—the volatile new star of "Rebound," which is to be presented at the Leicester Square Theatre early in September—its peculiar quality of intimacy with her audience. In the theatre it is comparatively easy for an accomplished player to establish that definite *rapprochement* between stage and auditorium which is the touchstone of all successful performances. But Miss Claire seems to find it equally easy to set up this subtle and essential vibration from the screen. The moment she appears, attention is riveted. She is delightful to look at; but she is also companionable. In a very few moments we are laughing, not at but with her. Some blunt remark, a flippant sally, some gay, apparently inconsequential gesture, and we are at once her allies to the end.

But it is not only technique that accomplishes all this. Behind it is a vivid personality, intensely human and alive. There is neither glamorous allure nor seductive languor in her method. Even in her most sentimental moments her softness is but a sheath about the blade of a quick intelligence. Her appeal is of the order of the *gamin* rather than of the siren. A finished *comédienne*, she is an adept at the laughter that is close to tears. As Julia Cavendish in "The Royal Family of Broadway," she was by turns elusive, downright, provocative, amusing, tiresome, tragic—an impersonation that suggested considerable emotional reserves. In "Rebound" those reserves are more constantly drawn upon in a part that is all the more difficult since its histrionic possibilities are less flamboyant. Yet, largely through her acting, as well as by reason of the sensitive, observant work of Mr. Edward H. Griffith, whose handling of last year's "Holiday" also marked him as a director of unusual quality and insight, the commonplace story of the film has become something more



"COUNSEL'S OPINION," AT THE STRAND THEATRE: A BARRISTER'S CHAMBERS INVADED BY A LOVELY LADY—MISS ISABEL JEANS AND MR. OWEN NARES.

"Counsel's Opinion," by Gilbert Wakefield, shows a young barrister who specialises in divorce cases very narrowly escaping becoming involved in a divorce case himself!

"TAKE A CHANCE," AT THE WHITEHALL THEATRE: BILLY, THE LADY GARAGE-PROPRIETOR, IS SUMMONED TO ATTEND TO A CUSTOMER—(L. TO R.) MR. HUGH WAKEFIELD AS PALAVANT, AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE; MISS MARION LORNE AS BILLY; AND MISS RUTH TAYLOR AS LADY MERRITON.

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## INCIDENTS OF AN EVENTFUL WEEK: THE POLITICAL CRISIS; AN AERIAL VISIT.



THE PRIME MINISTER SETS OUT TO SEE THE KING:  
MR. MACDONALD LEAVING 10, DOWNING STREET.



THE LIBERAL LEADER'S FIRST OUTING SINCE HIS ILLNESS BEGAN:  
MR. LLOYD GEORGE LEAVING HIS LONDON HOME FOR A DRIVE.



THE CONSERVATIVE LEADER: MR. BALDWIN ON HIS  
WAY TO SEE THE PRIME MINISTER.

Among all the statesmen concerned in the recent political changes in London, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Prime Minister, and Mr. Stanley Baldwin, the Conservative leader, principally attracted the public interest. For Mr. MacDonald, the crisis has been personally fatal, for it has resulted in dividing him from some of his former political associates. To Mr. Baldwin, too,

it has brought a novel experience, since he has agreed to serve under Mr. MacDonald in a new National Government. Mr. Lloyd George, it may be recalled, has been ill for about a month, and consequently was unable to take part in the recent meetings. During the crisis the expression of the Liberal point of view mainly devolved upon Sir Herbert Samuel and Sir Donald Maclean.



THE KING'S JOURNEY TO BALMORAL, WHENCE HE  
RETURNED: HIS MAJESTY AT BALLATER STATION.



HIS MAJESTY'S SPONTANEOUS RETURN TO LONDON TO BE AT HAND IN THE CRISIS, IN WHICH HIS HELP WAS  
INVALUABLE: THE KING'S CAR ENTERING THE GATES OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE EARLY ON AUGUST 23.

The King played an invaluable part in the proceedings that led to the formation of the new National Government. It was understood that, while he remained in close communication with his Ministers during his short stay at Balmoral, the decision to travel to London on August 22 was entirely his own. He came by a night train and arrived at Buckingham Palace early on the

morning of Sunday, August 23. It was his Majesty's own initiative, too, which determined him, after consultation with the Premier, to see and bring together the leaders of all the three Parties. It was reported that when Mr. MacDonald paid his last visit to the Palace that night he was disposed to resign, but the King persuaded him to sleep over the question.



THE PEACEFUL VISIT OF A ZEPPELIN TO THIS COUNTRY: AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF  
THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN," GROUNDED AT HANWORTH, SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.

The "Graf Zeppelin" left Friedrichshafen at 7.5 a.m. on August 18 and first appeared over Hanworth Aerodrome at 6.0 p.m. the same day—an hour before she was expected. She cruised over Central London watched by thousands from the ground. The airship's visit drew a great crowd to Hanworth—about 50,000 people in all—and at about 7 p.m., as she cast down mooring ropes and came to earth, enthusiastic cheers were raised for Dr. Eckener and his crew. As



ENORMOUS PUBLIC INTEREST IN THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN," AT THE TIME OF HER CRUISE  
OVER LONDON: THE CROWD ROUND THE AIRSHIP ON HER ARRIVAL AT HANWORTH.

soon as the passengers were out of the cabin, Col. the Master of Sempill, on behalf of National Flying Services, by whom the arrangements for the flight were made, entered and formally welcomed Dr. Eckener. Mr. Montague, Under-Secretary for Air, also welcomed Dr. Eckener and made a presentation. Subsequently the "Graf Zeppelin" started for a 24-hour cruise over various parts of the British Isles, visiting Belfast, Carlisle, and Newcastle.

## KEEPERS OF THE GARDEN OF ALLAH.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"TRACKERS AND SMUGGLERS IN THE DESERTS OF EGYPT": By COLONEL ANDRÉ VON DUMREICHER.\*

(PUBLISHED BY METHUEN.)

FIFTY years ago, the Egyptian deserts were a law unto themselves, and it was not until 1906 that the Government began to assert control over them. There was already a coastguard service, which was adequate so long as smuggling was confined to the North African coast; but when the Government imposed tobacco duties and established a salt monopoly, the irrepressible smuggler at once realised that the desert furnished him with fruitful opportunities. The coastguard service was therefore extended to include a Desert Directorate, which became a Coastguard Camel Corps, 500 strong. Its jurisdiction extended over some 3000 miles of desert, the territory of many different tribes of nomads, probably about 35,000 in all. The Desert Directorate was more a police force than a fiscal organisation, and its duties were almost as wide as the area of its operations; they were (1) to prevent contraband traffic in hashish and salt; (2) to maintain public security in the deserts; and (3) to prevent (for quarantine purposes) the illicit landing of pilgrims on the Red Sea coast of Egypt.

The writer of this book was in command of the Desert Directorate. It may be imagined that this force attracted soldiers of fortune of many different nationalities; their life, says Colonel von Dumreicher, "was one more resembling a boy's book of adventure than anything else." "The suppression of hashish-running and the pursuit of smugglers' caravans was the finest sport in the world." This spirit of derring-do breathes throughout the whole of this lively volume; and the game seems to have been played, for the most part, with the right degree of sportsmanship on both sides, though with methods which were not always strictly orthodox. If the law-enforcers were attracted largely by the fun of the thing, so, the author several times suggests, were some of the most enterprising law-breakers. Doubtless it was all the more fun because danger was its life and soul, and often the mimic warfare was waged without quarter given or taken.

The sheikh, on close inspection, may lack some of the romantic features with which fiction has adorned him; but the Bedouin, as pictured in this book with intimate knowledge and sympathy, possesses many admirable qualities, and it is evident that the relationship between Colonel von Dumreicher and his unruly family was one of mutual respect and even of affection. "The Bedouins are the most hospitable and brotherly people in the world"—so long as no violation is done to the few simple but inflexible principles which make up their social and moral code. Socially, they are still living under a system many thousands of years old and very characteristic of primitive man. The history of society has largely been the history of the emergence of the individual from the group—the progression which Sir Henry Maine, in a famous aphorism, called "the movement from status to contract." The Bedouins are still in that stage where the clan-group, and not the individual, is the unit of society. "All responsibility is conceived of as corporate": injury to an individual is injury to a whole clan, and, unless the prescribed reparation is promptly made, a bloody and often protracted clan-feud is the result. The author gives a graphic account of certain miniature wars of this kind in which he had, *ex officio*, to take an active part. The system of justice is that which prevailed, in a somewhat modified form, among our own Anglo-Saxon ancestors; an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, or the monetary equivalent, well settled by convention, of an eye or a tooth; and above all, a life for a life—not necessarily the life of the slayer himself, but that of some member of his clan. Revenge for bloodshed is a compelling duty, a devouring impulse.

Marriage is on a basis of carefully-calculated purchase. "The bride's virtues and qualities are transmuted into the value of camels and sheep. Eyes, nose, lips, neck, and figure, each represents a specific amount." "Morality," in the common acceptation, is high, and strictly enforced. The distinction between *meum* and *tuum* is effectively maintained by extremely severe penalties. Valuables may repose in perfect safety upon the grave of a saint. An oath has the most stringent force, and breach of it involves the curious penalty that the forswearer must divorce his wife.

But, needless to say, desert morals, powerful though their sanctions may be, are not necessarily European morals; and when the Bedouin is a rascal, his rascality is complete, uncompromising, and highly resourceful. We meet in these pages an entertaining variety of these desert scallywags. They range from a wealthy Egyptian prince who had been everywhere and done and seen everything, but

who "felt happy only in the limitless freedom of the desert," down to the remarkable Hussein Fares, who seems to have been a kind of Mowgli of the waste places, and who could speak fluently to camels, hares, and gazelles in their own language. Poor Hussein Fares was an ill-used man. He had been made to pay blood-money for striking off a certain Kadaboy's thumb in an affair of honour. Years afterwards, Kadaboy, having attempted but failed to bleed to death out of pure spite, attacked Hussein with a stick. Hussein "had been charged for a whole thumb, while Kadaboy could still hold his stick with the stump, and he declared that Kadaboy was a fraud and a cheat. . . . If Kadaboy would allow the remaining joint to be severed, he would pay for it,

track-reading, which, though it may seem magical to the uninitiated, is in reality only a case of "second nature," trained and developed from earliest infancy. The desert tracker can not only see what would entirely escape the European eye, but has a kind of rude, but rarely erroneous, psychology of footprints. He learns to interpret the traces of men and animals "quicker than our children pick up the letters of the alphabet": for, as soon as he can walk, he is taught to recognise and distinguish the footprints of each separate member of the family flock of sheep and camels. No less remarkable is his sense of direction, which is independent both of the compass and the stars, and his "absolute infallibility" in finding water. These are matters not of fantasy but of everyday experience in the desert, and without them it would be impossible for the Bedouin to support existence. And without their aid it would have been well-nigh impossible for the Desert Directorate, or the police (with which Colonel von Dumreicher afterwards served) to do their work.

The desert has its own inimitable spell, which has evidently taken powerful hold of this writer, and which he succeeds in communicating to the reader. Nothing could be more erroneous than to conceive it as a place of monotony. It has its ferocities, great and small: our author's description of a simoom is certainly awe-inspiring, but its grand convulsions are perhaps not its worst unkindnesses to man; as even in hot countries, it is the swarms of tiny relentless and elusive enemies—ticks, poisonous mosquitoes, and all manner of stinging creatures—which make life most difficult for man and beast. But if the desert is harsh and austere,

it has abundant variety; and we travel in these pages from the strongholds of brigands to monasteries which seem to be hardly of this world, certainly not of this age: we pass the slag-heaps of Roman mines, and observe, still clearly-defined in the granitic sands, rut-marks made by Roman wagons two thousand years ago. And in the midst of what seems to be abomination of desolation, we come suddenly upon such Arabian Nights pictures as the village of Siwa.

"Approaching from the north, all that one sees is a huge wall a hundred feet high, with rows of pigeon-holes. I counted ten tiers. Those holes are windows, each row corresponding to a story. There is on this side but one entrance to the town, an opening six feet high, which gives access to the main street. I say 'street,' because it is a main thoroughfare; in reality it is nothing more than a tunnel quarried into the hill and absolutely dark. From it radiate other passages, equally dark, which lead to the habitations, one cannot call them houses. . . . So the street winds on and on to the very top of the gara, where there is a well of a great depth. Here you emerge into daylight with a wide and wonderful prospect to greet the eye. In former times all the inhabitants of the oasis returned to their villages at sundown. Fear was their curfew, but now security was so complete that they had begun to build outside the walls. One of the peculiarities of the place is that the police have no duty inside the village. Order is kept by the people themselves, who raise and maintain a force of Gaffirs or watchmen. As thefts are unknown, their duties are light except when a theological question becomes too acute and disputes arise. Then sectarian zeal boils over, the drums begin to beat, the police step in on the third day, and order reigns again."

The wiles of the smugglers are worthy of any "shocker," and the complications of espionage and contre-espionage stranger than fiction, even fiction in the William le Queux vein. Greek enterprise, elaborate, cunning, and indefatigable, is behind the traffic in hashish, and one could not but regret that Colonel von Dumreicher was thwarted, at the last moment, in his spirited attempt to "cut out," single-handed, the Greek yacht *Basiliiki*, which had so successfully defied all attempts at capture. Marine adventure, however, was the exception; more commonly we find the guardian of the law, at the head of his Camel Corps, pursuing caravans of contraband at forced speeds over desert, pathless indeed, but not trackless to the eyes of the native guides.

All this would have been impossible without the co-operation of one indispensable ally—the camel. Hard things have been said of this long-suffering beast—

The commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said and done, 'E's a devil, and an ostrich, and an orphan child in one!

Any reader of these pages will agree that Kipling's description is grossly uncharitable, and will see in the camel a creature of infinite patience, endurance, and loyalty. His only failing is drink—twenty-five gallons at a time! However, considering their hard life they may be forgiven their little dissipations. The book is brightly written and makes admirable entertainment.

A. K.



INTERESTING DETAIL, REVEALED BY CLEANING, ON THE GREAT BED OF WARE, LATELY ACQUIRED FOR THE NATION: A DESIGN OF TUDOR BUILDINGS IN THE ARCHED PANELS OF THE BACK.—[Photograph by Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Crown Copyright Reserved.]



ONE OF THE DESIGNS NEWLY REVEALED ON THE GREAT BED OF WARE (MENTIONED BY SHAKESPEARE AND PERHAPS THE MOST FAMOUS PIECE OF OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE): A TUDOR BUILDING, WITH SWANS FLOATING ON A LAKE IN FRONT, IN THE LEFT-HAND BACK PANEL (HERE SHOWN ON A LARGER SCALE THAN ABOVE).

As noted in our issue of July 11 (with a complete illustration), the Great Bed of Ware was recently acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum with the help of the National Art Collections Fund. It has been temporarily set up in a prominent position in the Central Court. The panels of the back, inlaid with various coloured woods, have been carefully cleaned, and now reveal a design consisting of Tudor buildings with swans floating on a lake (in the left panel). It was apparently the custom for visitors during the eighteenth century to leave impressions from their sob-seals in wax on the bed-posts. Although these make somewhat unsightly red spots, it has been decided to retain them for their personal interest and as a record of a peculiar custom. Various carved initials and dates also testify to the strange fascination which this remarkable bed exercised over those who have seen it or slept in it during the last 350 years. Shakespeare alludes to it in "Twelfth Night"—"Although the sheet were big enough for the Bed of Ware in England."

otherwise he repudiated the last four pounds' balance of his debt." Even primitive justice does not lack its refinements.

The desert-lore of these nomads is sometimes thought to be exaggerated by travellers' tales, but Colonel von Dumreicher gives innumerable examples of its extraordinary subtlety and accuracy—especially the art of



THE FAMILY STUDY BEFORE THE DAYS OF PHOTOGRAPHY:  
"LADY SMYTH AND CHILDREN."

IN view of the very charming photograph of the little Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose which was given as our double-page last week, it is interesting to recall the family study as it was before the days of the camera. Here we have a most typical example—a Bartolozzi, after Reynolds, which was sold at Sotheby's a while ago as one of a pair of works by the famous engraver. As to Bartolozzi, it may be recalled that he was born in Florence in 1725, the son of a goldsmith. He studied in his native city and in Venice, but, as Bryan has it, "the theatre destined for the display of his talents was England, where he arrived in 1764. Soon after, he was appointed engraver to the King with a salary of £300 a year, and in 1768 he was made a Royal Academician"; that is to say, in the year of the Academy's foundation, when Reynolds was President. He died in Lisbon, where he was Director of the National Academy, in 1815.

BY FRANCESCO BARTOLOZZI, R.A. AFTER SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.



#### ENGLAND'S GREATEST TREASURE-HOUSE OF MEDIAEVAL STAINED GLASS: YORK MINSTER

York Minster is the bourn of countless modern "pilgrims" interested in old architecture, and, more particularly, stained glass—its chief glory. The beautiful picture (here reproduced) by that well-known artist, Mr. Fred Taylor, was exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, and has been issued as a poster by the London and North Eastern Railway. A descriptive booklet on the Minster states: "It now contains probably three-quarters of the total amount of mediæval English stained glass in existence—about 25,500 square feet. There are 109 windows that share this

#### THE NAVE (LEFT) AND NORTH TRANSEPT WITH 'THE FIVE SISTERS' WINDOW (RIGHT).

wonderful glass, including the famous thirteenth-century 'Five Sisters' window. The story that five sisters each wove a design on tapestry, afterwards transferred to glass is only a tradition, which Dickens (in 'Nicholas Nickleby') helped to popularise, and is entirely without authority. . . . The Nave still possesses its original fourteenth-century windows. Aisles, Lady Chapel, and Clerestory are filled with their original fifteenth-century glass. The East Window . . . (is) the largest wholly stained glass window in the world." A few years ago a fund was raised by appeal for the preservation of the Minster glass.



*The Fountain of Health*

**Schweppes**  
**Soda Water**

*Don't say "Whisky & Soda," say "Whisky & Schweppes"*

































